LH
CHILLING TALES OF HORROR
MAY
No. 9

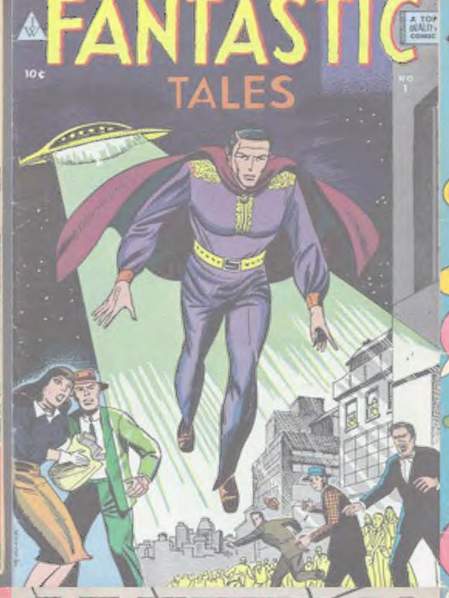
BEWARE

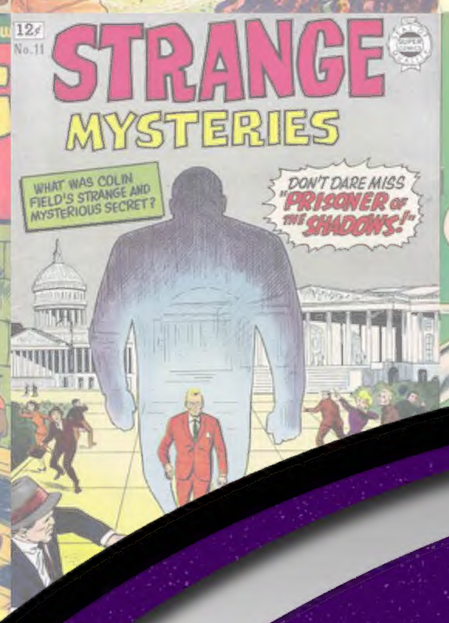
ID 10¢

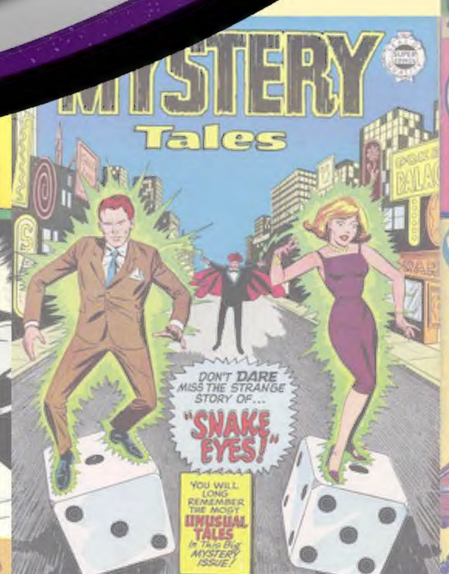
I NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN MY LIFE! THIS WATER SKIING WILL BE THE *DEATH* OF ME! *HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!*

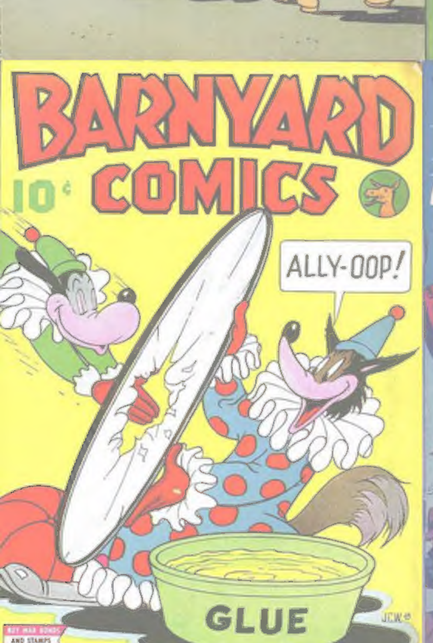
YES, THIS *IS* FUN! I WONDER IF THE DRIVER IS ENJOYING THIS AS MUCH AS WE ARE? HE DOESN'T EVEN TURN AROUND!

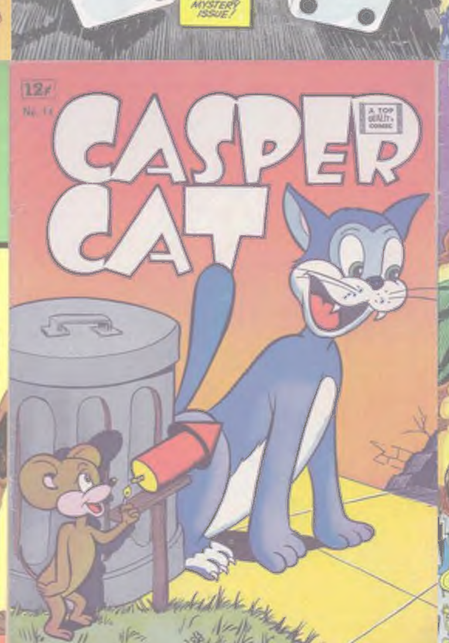
A WEIRD TALE OF THE OCCULT...
"VAMPIRE'S ROOST"
PLUS OTHER EERIE FEATURES











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GATHER AROUND, FOLKS! HERE'S THE **NAMELESS ONE** AGAIN WITH A CHARMING LITTLE STORY OF DREAD AND TERROR WELL CALCULATED TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD. LET'S GO BACK INTO THE YEARS: IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, A HUNGARIAN NOBLE, A WIDOWER WITH ONE SON, DWELT IN HIS ANCESTRAL CASTLE IN THE TRANSYLVANIAN MOUNTAINS. **COUNT OTTO SANDOR** LOST HIS HEART TO THE LOVELY HELYENA, WHO WAS UNHAPPILY MARRIED TO A NEIGHBORING BARON. THEIR FRUITLESS LOVE WAS TO LEAD THEM TO YEARS TOGETHER IN ...

"VAMPIRE'S ROOST"

IT CANT BE! YOU'VE BEEN DEAD FOR **CENTURIES!**

ART GATES

ONE DAY, HELYENA MET HER NOBLE ADMIRER WITH DISQUIETING NEWS...

OTTO, MY HUSBAND FOUND OUT THAT MY LOVE BELONGS NOT TO HIM, BUT TO YOU!

HELYENA! WE MUST FLEE--

NO - WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM HIM. HE DROVE A BIRCHWOOD STICK INTO HIS OWN HEART WHILE I WATCHED, UNABLE TO STOP HIM.

THEN WE CAN MARRY AND BE HAPPY TOGETHER.

NO, OTTO, BECAUSE BEFORE HE DIED, HE SANK HIS TEETH INTO MY NECK AND DRANK MY BLOOD. HE WAS A VAMPIRE! AND HE DELIBERATELY INFECTED ME. NOW I AM AN UNDEAD THING, DOOMED TO EXIST FOR ALL ETERNITY, WANDERING OUT TO SLAKE MY THIRST AT THE FULL OF THE MOON. ONLY A BIRCHWOOD STAKE THROUGH MY HEART WILL BRING ME DEATH - AND PEACE.

NO, HELYENA, NO! THIS AWFUL THING CANNOT BE!

DEEPLY SHOCKED, COUNT SANDOR CLASPED HIS LOVED ONE TO HIM – ONLY TO RECEIVE A DEEP BITE ...

OH, MY DEAR – OW!

YOU BIT ME! YOU DREW MY BLOOD!

YES. NOW YOU SHALL BE AS I AM – AN UNDEAD VAMPIRE, AND WE SHALL BE TOGETHER FOREVER!

THE REST WAS EASY. SANDOR HAD TWIN CASKETS PREPARED IN A CRYPT UNDER THE CASTLE AND GAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO JOHANN, THE OLD SERVITOR WHOSE FAMILY HAD BEEN IN THE SANDOR SERVICE FOR GENERATIONS ...

ONLY YOU KNOW THE SECRET. IT MUST BE HANDED DOWN TO YOUR ELDEST SON, AND SO ON, INTO THE YEARS TO COME –

I WILL GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE, MASTER.

AND SO COUNT SANDOR AND HIS BELOVED HELYENA DWELT IN DEATH-LIFE IN THE STRANGEST ROMANCE IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY...

BUT ... THE SARDONIC HAND OF FATE INTERVENED WITH A TWIST THAT BROUGHT FRUSTRATION TO BOTH ...

THE MALIGN DEMONS THAT ARRANGED THE DESTINY OF THESE TWO DECREED THAT THEY WOULD NEVER AWAKE AT THE SAME TIME ...

COUNT SANDOR WOULD PROWL THE COUNTRYSIDE IN SEARCH OF WARM FRESH BLOOD TO QUENCH HIS DIABOLICAL THIRST...

...WHILE UNDER THE NEXT FULL MOON ONLY HELYENA WOULD RISE FROM HER TOMB AND TRACK DOWN A VICTIM FOR HER GHOULISH FANGS...

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS HAVE ROLLED PAST. TONIGHT, THE MOON IS FULL AGAIN AND IN RESPONSE TO COMPELLING DESIRE, A GHASTLY HAND PUSHES UP THE HEAVY BRONZE LID OF COUNT SANDOR'S COFFIN...

SLOWLY THE STRANGE FIGURE MAKES ITS WAY UP THE MOULDY STAIRS...

ANOTHER JOHANN AWAITS HIM IN THE ANCIENT KITCHEN - TWELVE GENERATIONS REMOVED FROM THE ORIGINAL SERVITOR...

I WAS EXPECTING YOU, SIR. IT IS THE NIGHT FOR YOUR COMING.

YOU ARE A FAITHFUL FELLOW, JOHANN, AS WERE YOUR FATHERS BEFORE YOU.

SUDDENLY, JOHANN HEARS AN UNEXPECTED NOISE OUTSIDE...

SOMEONE IS IN THE COURTYARD!

SEE WHO IT IS. I SHALL KEEP OUT OF SIGHT.

THE SERVANT ENCOUNTERS A YOUNG COUPLE...

WE ARE AMERICANS, ON OUR HONEYMOON TRIP. OUR CAR BROKE DOWN. CAN YOU GIVE US SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT?

WE HAVE VERY FEW COMFORTS IN OLD CASTLE SANDOR, SIR, BUT YOU ARE WELCOME TO ENTER.

CASTLE SANDOR! THIS MUST BE THE HOME OF MY ANCESTORS. MY GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER EMIGRATED TO AMERICA FROM AROUND HERE. IT'S THE PLACE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

LED BY JOHANN, THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE ENTER THE OLD CASTLE. IN THE GREAT HALL THEY PAUSE BEFORE A PORTRAIT OF THE 16TH CENTURY NOBLEMAN. THEY READ THE INSCRIPTION.

IT READS: **COUNT OTTO SANDOR-1554.** EXCEPT FOR THE BEARD, IT IS A PERFECT LIKENESS OF YOU, ARTHUR, ONLY YOUR NAME IS SANDERS.

MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD - BACK HERE AGAIN AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES -

AS THEY GO UPSTAIRS TO THEIR ROOM...

YOU KNOW - I FEEL AS IF THIS WHOLE CASTLE IS FAMILIAR TO ME... AS IF I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

NONSENSE, ARTHUR. YOU KNOW YOU'VE NEVER BEEN OUT OF GRAND RAPIDS BEFORE.

LATER-

HELEN, YOU MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE AND REST A BIT. I'M FASCINATED BY THIS CASTLE. I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND FOR A WHILE.

MEANWHILE, HIS BLOOD-LUST SLACKENED FOR THE TIME BEING, COUNT SANDOR DESCENDS AGAIN TO THE HIDDEN CRYPT...

HELYENA, MY BELOVED, WOULD THAT YOU WERE AWAKE THE SAME TIME AS I - JUST ONCE IN THESE MANY CENTURIES-!

IT IS AS IF THAT YOUNG COUPLE ABOVE ARE THE VERY REINCARNATION OF US. HE IS MY OWN DESCENDANT AND HIS BRIDE SEEMS CAST IN YOUR OWN MOLD-

THEN HE TENSES AS HIS KEEN, SENSITIVE EARS DETECT THE SOUND OF CAUTIOUS FOOTFALLS DESCENDING THE STONE STEPS...

CAN THAT BE JOHANN -- DISOBEYING MY ORDERS BY COMING TO THIS FORBIDDEN PLACE ?

IT IS THE AMERICAN!

IF HE LOOKS IN THE CASKETS HE MIGHT GUESS THE TRUTH... THAT THIS IS A HAUNT OF VAMPIRES! AND HE WOULD SPREAD THE ALARM ALL OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE. THAT WOULD BE THE END OF US!

IN DESPERATION, SANDOR LEAPS UPON THE YOUNG MAN FROM BEHIND...

HE OBTAINS POSSESSION OF THE FLASHLIGHT AND USES IT AS A WEAPON...

OOOF!

I'LL LEAVE THIS FELLOW OUT HERE IN THE COURTYARD TIL HE COMES TO HIS SENSES.

I MUST GET THEM BOTH OUT OF THE CASTLE AT ONCE. NOW I'LL GO UP THERE AND SCARE THE GIRL—

UPON REACHING THE TOP OF THE HIDDEN STAIRS, SANDOR SLIDES BACK A SECRET PANEL IN THE WAINSCOTING AND SILENTLY STEPS INTO THE ROOM...

I'LL FRIGHTEN HER OUT OF HER WITS—

SENSING HIS PRESENCE, THE GIRL TURNS. INSTEAD OF BEING SCARED, SHE THINKS HE IS HER HUSBAND...

WHY, ARTHUR, YOU STARTLED ME. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT BEARD AND THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CLOTHES?

SHE GENTLY TOUCHES THE MAN'S FACE...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET BACK INTO THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS OLD CASTLE SO AUTHENTICALLY, EVEN IF IT WAS YOUR ANCESTORS'--AI-EEE-EE!

YOUR FACE IS ICY-CLAMMY! YOU-YOU'RE NOT ARTHUR!

YOU'RE THE MAN IN THE PORTRAIT DOWNSTAIRS-BUT YOU'VE BEEN DEAD FOR FOUR HUNDRED YEARS!

EXACTLY, MY DEAR.

TERRIFIED, SHE CLIMBS INTO THE WINDOW HIGH IN THE CASTLE WALL...

YOU'RE A GHOST--A DEVIL!

DON'T JUMP!

SANDOR KNOWS THAT THE DROP FROM THE WINDOW IS SHEER AND MURDEROUS. SO HE LANCES FORWARD AND GRASPS THE HYSTERICAL GIRL IN THE NICK OF TIME...

COME BACK HERE. I DON'T WANT YOU TO DIE!

HE DRAGS THE FAINTING GIRL BACK INTO THE ROOM... THEN HE HEARS A SOFT, DULCET VOICE BEHIND HIM...

EXCELLENT! NOW WE'LL BOTH FEAST ON HER BLOOD.

HELYENA!

SHE HAS LEFT HER COFFIN ON THE SAME NIGHT I LEFT MINE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOUR CENTURIES... AND THE BITTER IRONY OF IT IS THAT THIS TIME, I DON'T WANT HER HERE.

SHE HAS NOT CONQUERED HER THIRST AS I HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER MINE IN REGARD TO THESE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE. I CANNOT HARM THEM - HE'S MY OWN DESCENDANT, AND HIS LOVELY BRIDE --

CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT...

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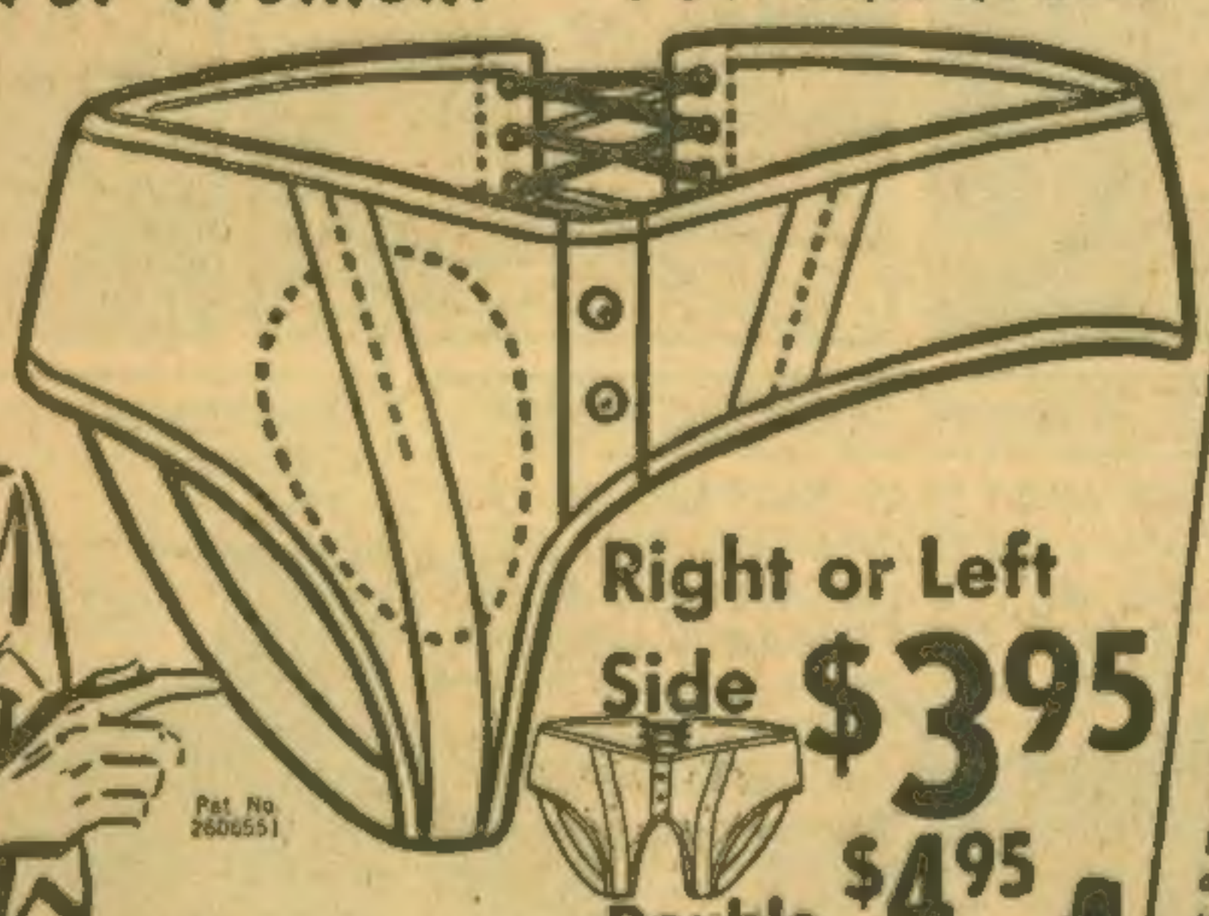

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THE FEMALE VAMPIRE GLIDES FORWARD...

WE SHALL OPEN HER VEINS.

NO, HELYENA! I FORBID IT!

I MUST HAVE HER BLOOD. YOU AND I WILL SLAKE OUR THIRST, MY LOVE.

NO, I TELL YOU! LOVE CANNOT ENDURE WHEN BASED ON A FOUL CURSE SUCH AS OURS. WE ARE DAMNED, MY SWEET!

THE GIRL REVIVES FROM HER FAINT AND CLAMPS HER HAND TO HER NECK...

O-OH!

SHE RACES FROM THE ROOM...

WE MUST SLAY THAT GIRL BEFORE SHE CAN BETRAY US. SHE WILL GO TO THE VILLAGE AND SOON A MOB OF PEASANTS WILL BE UPON US!

NO—THERE IS A BETTER WAY.

QUICKLY SEIZING HELYENA, SANDOR CARRIES HER FORCIBLY DOWN THE SECRET STAIRCASE ...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? PUT ME DOWN!

FROM THE DYING EMBERS OF THE FIRE IN THE ANCIENT KITCHEN, SANDOR PLUCKS TWO BIRCHWOOD STICKS WITH THEIR ENDS CHARRED TO FINE, SHARP POINTS ...

W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I SHALL RELEASE US FROM OUR CURSE.

DESPITE HELYENA'S STRUGGLES, HE PUTS HER BACK INTO HER COFFIN IN THE CRYPT...

THE AMERICAN GIRL HAS BY NOW FOUND HER HUSBAND AND THEY WILL ROUSE THE VILLAGERS. THEY WILL SOON COME HERE—AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT WILL MEAN!

NO, OTTO, NO! ALL ETERNITY LIES BEFORE US. THERE IS YET TIME.. GO TO THE COURTYARD -KILL THEM!

WE ARE THE UNDEAD, WHILE THEY ARE YOUNG, ALIVE AND NORMAL. IF DEATH MUST COME, LET IT COME TO US. FAREWELL, MY BELOVED.

SANDOR PLUNGES THE STAKE, INTO HER HEART...

IN DEATH, THERE WILL BE PEACE - AT LAST!

THEN HE GETS INTO HIS OWN COFFIN...

...AND DRIVES THE SECOND STAKE INTO HIS OWN BREAST...

SOON, AS SANDOR HAD PREDICTED, THE ANGRY CROWD OF VILLAGERS ARRIVES...

I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE. BE PREPARED - THEY ARE DANGEROUS!

BUT IN THE TWIN BRONZE COFFINS THEY FIND NO TRACE OF COUNT SANDOR AND HIS HELYENA - JUST TWO STICKS AND TWO LITTLE PYLES OF FINE DUST...

UGH! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS AWFUL PLACE, ARTHUR!

SO THE NEWLYWEDS TAKE A ROOM AT THE VILLAGE INN. BUT HELYENA'S BITE HAS TAKEN EFFECT AND THAT NIGHT, AS THE FULL MOON'S RAYS SPLASH THROUGH THE MULLIONED WINDOWS, THE YOUNG BRIDE SINKS HER TEETH INTO HER SLEEPING HUSBAND'S NECK!...

SO YOU SEE, FOLKS, TWO NEW VAMPIRES ARE BORN. CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THAT OLD CURSE, EH? **HEH! HEH!** LOOK ME UP IN THE NEXT ISSUE - I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BLOOD-CURDLING TALE TO TELL YOU...

THE END

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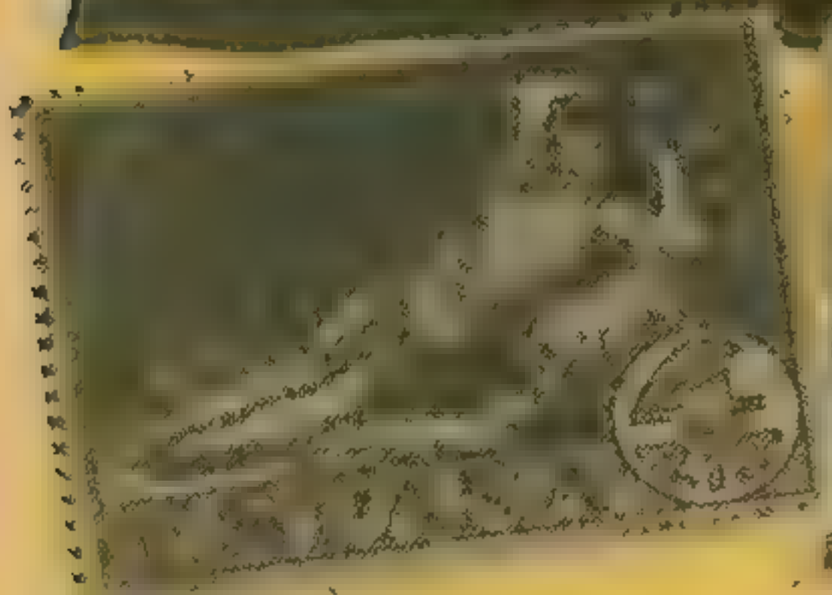

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DEATH AND PHANTOMS ARE NOT ALWAYS AS COLD AS ICE---THEY **CAN** BE AS RED-HOT AS FLAME! WHEN A LIVING MAN IS ELECTROCUTED OR "BURNED"---HE **CAN** RETURN AS A RAGING INFERNO OF RED REVENGE THAT EATS ENEMIES AND KILLERS IN THE BLASTING HATE OF---

The GHOST of FIRE!

IN AN OLD AND RICH BUSINESS FIRM, THREE PARTNERS WANT THE HEAD OF THE FIRM TO DIE---

WE ALL HATE HIM-- BUT NOBODY'S GOT THE COURAGE TO KILL HIM!

IF HE COULD BE KILLED--WE'D ALL BE **RICH!**

SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM THE PRIVATE VAULT ROOM---AND IN RUSHES THE HEAD OF THE FIRM---

OUR CASHIER COMMITTED **SUICIDE!** HE STOLE OVER $80,000! HE LEFT THIS NOTE--

THE SUICIDE'S NOTE---

I confess that I stole over $80,000 I can't bear to live, I've bought a gun. This is the end— John Bristow

INTO THREE EVIL MINDS THE SAME EVIL PLAN IS BORN---

DO SOMETHING, YOU FOOLS! CALL THE POLICE!

WE COULD DESTROY THE NOTE--

BLAME THE THEFT AND THE MURDER ON HIM--

AND THE LAW WOULD KILL HIM FOR US! HA-HA!

THE FIRST STEP IS TO DESTROY THIS NOTE--LIKE THIS!

YOU DOLTISH FOOL! THAT'S EVIDENCE!

WITH THREE CRIMINAL BRAINS THINKING AS ONE--THEIR MURDER PLAN IS COMPLETE!

WE SAW YOU KILL THE CASHIER! YOU STOLE THAT MONEY!

YOUR FINGERPRINTS ARE ON THIS GUN-- YOU MURDERER!

THE POLICE ARE CALLED--AND ARREST THE "MURDERER"---

I DIDN'T KILL HIM! I'M INNOCENT! THE SUICIDE NOTE-- IT'S IN THE FIRE!

HA-HA! THE ASHES OF THAT NOTE HAVE FLOWN UP THE CHIMNEY!

YOU THREE SAW THE KILLING? THAT SETTLES IT!

AND IN A COURT OF LAW, TWO MONTHS LATER---

LIES! ALL LIES!

HE KILLED THE CASHIER!

GUILTY! I SENTENCE YOU--TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

IN THE STATE'S PRISON A MONTH LATER---

I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! REVENGE!

AS THE BLASTING HEAT OF ELECTROCUTION DIVIDES BODY AND SOUL--A GHOST IS BORN! A GHOST OF FIRE!

AND I'LL GET REVENGE! I'LL KILL! KILL!

THE DOCTOR CAN NOW PRONOUNCE THIS MAN DEAD--

I FELT A CHILL OF EVIL--BUT IT FELT LIKE A HOT FLAME!

HA-HA! NO ONE CAN ACTUALLY SEE ME--I CAN DO ANYTHING!

THE THREE PARTNERS-IN-CRIME DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS---

HE'S DEAD! HE'LL NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN!

WE'RE RICH! THE FIRM IS OURS!

S-A-A-Y-- ISN'T THAT FIRE GETTING HOT?

THE GHOST OF FIRE READS THE GHOST OF A NOTE---

I WAS INNOCENT! BUT I'M DEAD-- DEAD--

GOODNIGHT, GENTLEMEN! RICH AND HAPPY DREAMS!

I MUST GET MY HANDS ON THEM! BUT HOW-- HOW?

THE NEXT MORNING---

I LIKE A CHEERFUL FIRE--AND THE CARETAKER HASN'T BUILT ONE---

JUST TWO BIG LOGS--AND IT'S HOTTER ALREADY!

I CAN ALMOST REACH HIM--ALMOST!

A DEADLY SENSE OF FEAR GROWS IN THE ROOM---

STRANGE! I'M HOT--AND YET I'M COLD WITH FRIGHT! I WONDER WHY--?

I CAN ALMOST GRAB HIM NOW!

I'M SCARED! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS ROOM!

NEVER! YOU'LL *NEVER* GET OUT!

AND ONE MURDERER GOES TO HIS FIERY DOOM!

AHHH!

THE LAW "BURNED" ME! NOW *YOU* MUST BURN!

I'LL HIDE YOUR BONES IN THESE DEEP ASHES! THEY'LL NEVER BE FOUND--UNTIL I HAVE TWO MORE VICTIMS--TWO MORE VICTIMS!

STRANGE--I THOUGHT I HEARD A SCREAM AND MY PARTNER WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE EARLY--

IT'S HOT IN HERE! BETTER OPEN THE WINDOW!

THAT OPEN WINDOW SEALS HIS FATE!

THE DRAFT FROM THE WINDOW MAKES THE FIRE GROW BIGGER--BIGGER!

THE MORE DRAFT-- THE BIGGER AND HOTTER I CAN GROW!

THAT DRAFT-- IT'S BLOWING ME TOWARD THE FIRE!

JUST LET ME TOUCH YOU--TOUCH YOU!

AIIIIIIIII!! I'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!

JUST AS I WAS ELECTROCUTED ALIVE! HA-HA-HA!

AND THE GHOST OF FIRE MAKES A SECOND MEAL ON SEARED HUMAN FLESH!

HE TASTES GOOD--GOOD! AND REVENGE TASTES SWEET! BUT HOW CAN I TRAP MY THIRD MURDERER?

THE THIRD MAN ENTERS THE ROOM OF THE BURNING DEATH---

WONDER WHERE MY PARTNERS ARE-- AND WHAT'S THAT STRANGE ODOR IN THE AIR?

THE CARETAKER MUST HAVE THROWN SOME RUBBISH IN THE FIRE! I HATE FIRES--I NEVER GO NEAR THEM--SNIFF-SNIFF-- ALMOST SMELLS LIKE BURNING FLESH--BUT THAT CAN'T BE---

BUT THE GHOST OF FIRE HAS A CUNNING TRICK TO LURE HIS VICTIM---

HE LOVES MONEY--AND I CAN SHAPE THESE FLAMES TO LOOK LIKE PILES OF WEALTH! HA-HA-HA!

SOMEONE THREW SOME BANKNOTES IN THE FIRE!

AND SO GREED IS THE CAUSE OF DEATH--A SEARING, FLAMING DEATH!

I'M BEING BURNED-- BUT I MUST SAVE MONEY--- ***MONEY!***

I WILL CLUTCH YOUR WICKED SOUL FOREVER-- IN MY ARMS OF ***FIRE!***

AND THE FIRE GHOST'S VENGEANCE IS COMPLETE!

EEYAAA! DON'T EAT ME! DON'T EAT--

JUST AS THE FLAMES ONCE ATE THE NOTE THAT COULD HAVE PROVED MY INNOCENCE! ***DIE--DIE!!***

AND A DREADFUL FEAST GOES ON IN THE FLAMES---

MURDERERS! EAT EACH OTHER! SO DO ALL MURDERERS END IN DEATH!

LATER THAT MORNING--THE CARETAKER DISCOVERS---

BONES AND FLESH--AND SKULLS-- ***UGH! OOOOH!***

THE END

No POCKETS on the DEAD

YOU STOLE FROM THE LIVING -- WHY HESITATE BEFORE THE DEAD ?

N-NO! DONT MAKE ME TOUCH THOSE CLAMMY CORPSES!

TOUCH THEM -- OR FOREVER JOIN THEM!

HE STARTED HIS CAREER BY LOOTING THE LIVING, BUT SOON FOUND HIMSELF TRAPPED BY GHOULS IN A VIOLATED GRAVEYARD AND FORCED TO ROB THE DEAD ! AND TOO LATE, HE LEARNED THE TERRIBLE TRUTH, THAT THERE ARE... *NO POCKETS ON THE DEAD* !

WHILE MOST PEOPLE RIDE THE SUBWAY TO WORK, MARLIN QUAGG MAKES HIS LIVING BY JUST RIDING THE SUBWAY ! AS THE RUSH HOUR CROWDS PRESS CLOSE TOGETHER, HIS LONG PRACTICED FINGERS FURTIVELY DIP INTO THE POCKETS OF THE UN-SUSPECTING ...

WHEN THE RUSH HOUR ENDS, QUAGG RETURNS TO HIS CHEAP ROOM AND EXAMINES THE LOOT ! DOLLAR BILLS ARE STRIPPED FROM STOLEN WALLETS, WATCHES APPRAISED, BUT SUDDENLY...

A KEY AND WITH AN *ADDRESS TAG!* A REAL PRIZE!.. IT MIGHT BE WORTH CASING THE HOUSE ! WITH A KEY TO THE FRONT DOOR, *ROBBERY* WOULD BE A CINCH!

Uoooo

H-HUMAN FINGERS... EARS, TEETH -- NO WONDER THE MEN WHO LIVE HERE ONLY LEAVE AFTER MIDNIGHT! T-THEY'RE *GHOULS!*

FILLED WITH LOATHING AND HORROR, QUAGG BACKS AWAY FROM THE MORBID PRIZES STOLEN FROM THE GRAVE, AS SUDDENLY A NOISE IS HEARD DOWNSTAIRS...

THE DOOR'S OPENING-- THEY MUST BE *BACK!*

THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING ANYONE HERE! MAYBE I'LL BE SAFE IN THIS CLOSET!

INSIDE THE MUSTY CLOSET, QUAGG HEARS THE FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, AS HE TREMBLES IN TERROR, BUT NO ONE REACHES FOR THE CLOSET DOOR! MINUTES PASS, AS THE MEN TALK IN LOW SINISTER TONES, BUT THEN THE DUST IN THE CLOSET IS TOO MUCH FOR QUAGG...HE SNEEZES...

A-CHOO!

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! HE MUST BE A *POLICE SPY!*

I-I'M NO STOOLIE! HONEST! I'M JUST A DIP! I LIFTED THIS KEY FROM ONE OF YOUR POCKETS -- COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO USE IT! L-LET ME GO, I'LL NEVER TELL WHAT I SAW HERE!

YOU SAY YOU'RE A PICKPOCKET? WELL, I HAVE THE PERFECT WAY FOR YOU TO PROVE IT-- AND IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL *NEVER* TELL ANYONE ANYTHING AGAIN!

HIS HANDS AND FEET TIED, QUAGG IS FORCED TO WATCH THE LURID EXCITEMENT, AS THE GHOULS STRIP RINGS FROM FINGERS AND GOLD FILLINGS FROM TEETH! THEN, THE NEXT DAY, HE IS LED TO A PRIVATE CEMETERY...

THIS GRAVEYARD'S FOR MILLIONAIRES ONLY! THE STIFFS IN THERE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE LOADED WITH JEWELS! YOU'RE TO ***LIFT THE GUARD'S KEY!***

UNDER THREAT OF VIOLENT DEATH, QUAGG TREMBLINGLY APPROACHES THE GUARD, ENGAGES HIM IN A CONVERSATION, AS HIS CLEVER FINGERS CLAIM THE KEY...

SOON AFTER, HE RETURNS TO THE DELAPIDATED MANSION OF THE GHOULS...

HERE'S THE CEMETERY KEY--NOW LET ME GO!

NOT SO FAST, MY DEAR FRIEND! WE KNOW HOW CRAFTY YOU LIGHT-FINGERED FELLOWS ARE! YOU'LL GO ***WITH US*** TONIGHT UNTIL WE KNOW THIS KEY OPENS THE GRAVEYARD GATE!

AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE, THE FIVE MEN SET OUT FOR THE CEMETERY! AS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN MOVES WELL BEYOND THE GATE, THE KEY IS SLIPPED IN AND THE GHOULS START FORWARD...

IT WORKS! NOW TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

SOON! IF THE RUMORS ARE RIGHT, WE'LL NEED HELP TONIGHT! YOU WILL JOIN US IN ROBBING THE DEAD!

QUICKLY, THE PRACTICED SCAVENGERS OF THE DEAD UNEARTH A COFFIN AND QUAGG TREMBLINGLY IS FORCED TO AID THEM, AS THEY PRY OPEN THE LID...

IT'S LIFTING! NOW TO SEE HOW THE LIVING CAN PROFIT FROM THE DEAD!

SUDDENLY, A GREEN, MOULDERING FACE STARES UP FROM ITS COFFIN AT THEM...

LOOK AT THE RINGS ON THIS STIFF'S FINGERS! WHAT EARRINGS! AND WHEN WE FORCE OPEN THE MOUTH, I'LL BET WE'LL FIND A TIDY SUM IN FILLINGS!--WHAT A WONDERFUL SIGHT!

AND AS QUAGG HOLDS BACK THE COFFIN LID, THE GHOUL DRAWS A KNIFE AND SETS TO WORK...

HERE! STOP SHAKING AND HOLD THIS FINGER! AND DON'T TRY TO PALM OFF THE RING!

AND AS THE TERRIFIED QUAGG WATCHES, HALF SICK WITH FRIGHT AND LOATHING AT THE LURID SPECTACLE, SUDDENLY, COLD GOLD-FILLED TEETH ARE DROPPED INTO HIS HAND..

JUST LOOK AT THE EARRINGS--FABULOUS! ADMIT IT! ROBBING THE DEAD'S MORE PROFITABLE THAN LOOTING THE POCKETS OF THE LIVING!

THE OTHER COFFINS ARE OPEN AND WAITING! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE! TAKE THIS KNIFE AND GET TO WORK.

Y-YOU MEAN YOU WANT *ME* TO DO WHAT YOU'VE DONE? *N-NEVER!*

DON'T LET A SQUEAMISH STOMACH STOP YOU!

I'M NOT TOUCHING THOSE ROTTING CORPSES! *WHERE'S THAT NIGHT WATCH-MAN?*

GRAB HIM! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

NO! YOU'RE NOT STOPPING ME, YOU PACK OF GRAVE-ROBBING GHOULS!

GET THE KNIFE!

BEFORE QUAGG CAN CRY FOR HELP, POMMELING HANDS BEAT HIM MERCILESSLY TO THE GRAVEYARD GROUND...

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS. DUMP HIM INTO THE SECOND COFFIN!

QUICKLY, QUAGG IS PLACED IN A LOOTED COFFIN, THE HORRIBLE EARLESS, MUTILATED CADAVER IS THEN LOWERED ON TOP OF THE UNCONSCIOUS PICKPOCKET..

WE CAN'T BURY HIM-- HE'S NOT DEAD YET!

HE WILL BE--ONCE WE CLOSE THE COFFIN TOP!

AND AS THE COFFIN LID BEGINS TO CLOSE, QUAGG COMES TO! FOR ONE SHOCKING SECOND OF SAVAGE TERROR, HE FEELS THE DEAD WEIGHT ON TOP OF HIM, AND THEN SEES THE LOWERING LID CLOSE DOWN...

N-NO! STOP!

THE LID CLOSES, A MUFFLED SCREAM IS HEARD AND THEN, GRIM SILENCE! MINUTES TICK BY...

HE SHOULD BE *SUFFOCATED* IN THAT AIR-TIGHT COFFIN BY NOW! OPEN IT AND LETS SEE!

HE'S *DEAD!*... LOOK AT HIS HANDS AT THE SIDE OF THAT STIFF! *HA! HA!* WHAT A FATE FOR A PICK-POCKET-- THE DEAD HAVE NO POCKETS!

FAT MEN! SKINNY MEN! YOUNG MEN! OLD MEN!

NOW YOU CAN HAVE A MORE POWERFUL LOOKING BODY INSTANTLY!

And Be Stronger From Head to Toe— IN 3 SHORT WEEKS

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The Man Who Died Twice

THERE have been many baffling and mysterious deaths recorded in the annals of the New York police; but from the entire list, one case stands out as a prime example of mystification. This was the case of the man who died twice, by suicide *and* murder!

Two distinct causes of death were involved, either one of which would have brought the victim's life to a speedy and unnatural end; yet the examining physician was unable to determine which condition was responsible. Nor were the police ever able to find any clues leading to the murderer—if it actually was a homicide. In brief, the case was a puzzle to end all murder puzzles: a fantastic mystery that nobody has ever solved.

It began in a tenement near Thirty-third Street and Second Avenue, where two men in their forties shared a bedroom on the top floor. The men were respectable laborers with no known enemies and no police records.

One morning the janitor of the tenement discovered one of these roomers dead in bed, already stiff and cold with rigor mortis. The examining police, as soon as they were summoned, found the corpse clad only in the lower portion of a pair of cheap pajamas. There was a small caliber bullet hole in the dead man's skull, the slug having passed through his head and stopped deep in the pillow.

The medical examiner would have thought no more of the case except for the fact that there was a long rubber tube in the mouth of the corpse, the other end attached to a gas jet nearby. Oddly enough, however, the gas was turned off and there was no odor of gas in the room. But there *was* a woman's green hat on the floor—if that meant anything.

A search of the room finally disclosed a revolver in a bureau drawer. The weapon had been fired once, and the ballistics experts matched the bullet in the pillow with the rifling of the revolver barrel. This was undoubtedly the death-gun. But who, after using it, had placed it in the bureau drawer? Not the dead man, for it was quite obvious that the wound in his head had caused instantaneous death.

Moreover, an autopsy revealed that the slug had entered his skull while he was still alive. Ordinarily this would have meant an open-and-shut case of murder. But further autopsy tests showed a fifty-seven per cent saturation of gas in the blood, indicating that the man had inhaled enough gas through the rubber tube to have caused quick death. The question was: which had killed him, the gas or the bullet?

If he died of gas, he must have inhaled it after the bullet had penetrated his brain, and then got up from bed to turn off the petcock. This was a physical impossibility. On the other hand, if the bullet had killed him, then how could he have lived long enough to inhale lethal quantities of gas?

If he was a suicide, who had put the gun in the drawer and turned off the gas jet? If he was murdered by the gunshot wound, how could the killer have pumped gas into his dead lungs and bloodstream? To all appearances, the man had died twice, of two separate and distinct causes; yet each cause was sufficient, in itself, to have produced death.

The roommate was arrested but established an iron-clad alibi. The identity of the woman who owned the green hat was never discovered. And to this day, the New York police have a case on their hands which may never be fully explained.

The Sea Ghost Returns

HIS name was Andrew Newton, and the story of his ghost begins with the sinking of the *Robert B. Anthony*, a freighter which went down with all hands on board off the coast of Greenland in 1937.

No survivors were ever picked up, and a verdict of "lost with all hands" was entered. After a short time, the sinking of the *Robert B. Anthony* was forgotten. Then an amazing thing happened. Two Chautauqua lecturers, a man and wife, were driving through the hills of Missouri, about a year after the sinking. It was late in the evening, and they were hurrying to make their next lecture, some two hundred miles away.

Their car motor failed and, knowing nothing about engines, the lecturers decided to wait it out. Unfortunately, they had picked a road seldom frequented at night and, as time wore on, the lecturers resigned themselves to an uncomfortable evening in the car. Suddenly, a flash of heat lightning illuminated the sky. The couple started, for, revealed in the quick flash, was an unpainted house set back in the woods.

Hurriedly, they got out, hoping to get a night's rest, perhaps even make a phone call to a garage.

No one answered their knock. The impression grew that the house was uninhabited. They tried the door and found it unlocked. The couple entered, calling out loudly and roving the car flashlight around.

There most certainly was no one home. The living room and kitchen were in good order, but a layer of dust indicated no presence for many days. There was an inviting fireplace, the woods sheltering the house provided needed fuel and, in the dancing shadows of the fire, the couple went to sleep.

Some hours later, the male lecturer woke with a start. Someone was in the room with them! His wife jumped to her feet at the same moment, stood tensely. An unmistakable odor of sea brine pervaded the room, although the ocean front was thousands of miles away! And then man and wife stood transfixed, unable to believe their eyes.

The figure of a young man was floating around the room. He wore boots and oilskins, and seaspray glistened from his beard. He seemed to waft through the air, straight to the cheery fire, where he shivered violently and knelt down before it.

This was too much for the woman. She screamed. Her husband, flashlight held as a bludgeon, leaped forward. Before his eyes the figure vanished. And where the figure had knelt was now only a small puddle of water and a piece of slimy green weed!

Morning couldn't come any too soon. Frightened and puzzled, the couple stood out on the road as the sun rose over the blue hills. At last a car came along, to give them a tow into town.

As they drove in, the husband questioned their Samaritan about the deserted house. "Old Newton place," the native revealed. "Went to pieces after young Andy Newton inherited it and lit out to become a sailor. Ain't seen him since."

Two weeks later, while speaking in a big city, the husband visited the botany department of the State University. There he requested that a certain specimen of what he believed to be seaweed be analyzed.

"It's seaweed, all right," the botanist declared, "but a very curious type. In fact, it's only found on dead bodies."

Andrew Newton had come home.

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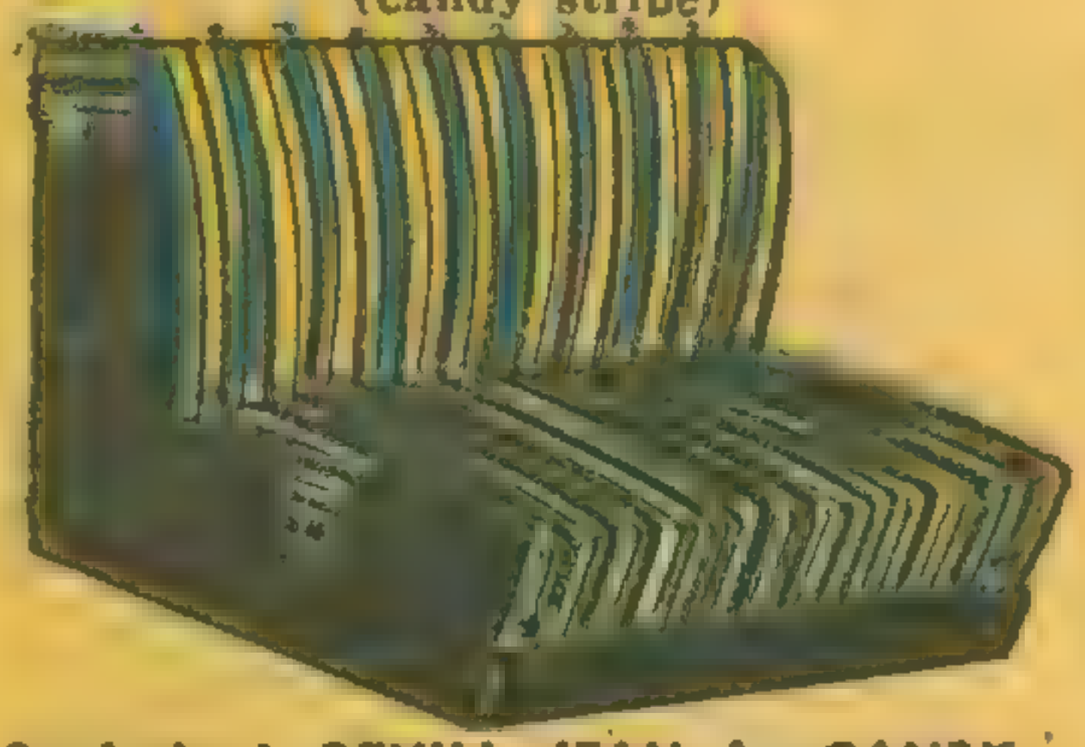
(candy stripe)



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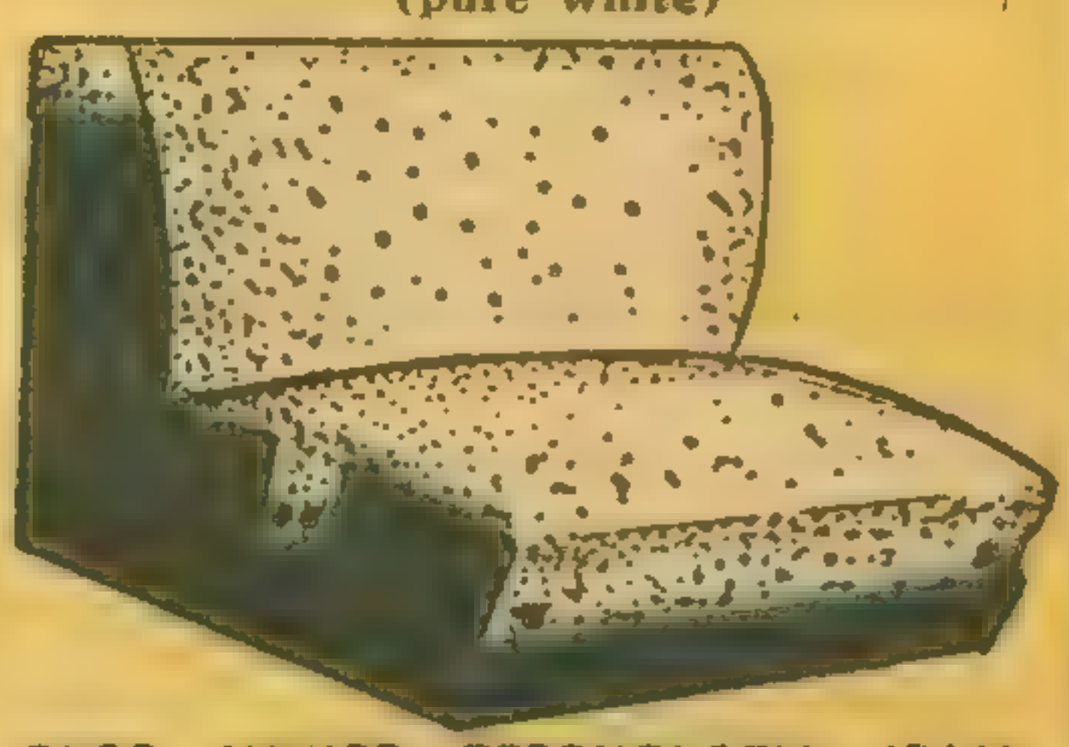

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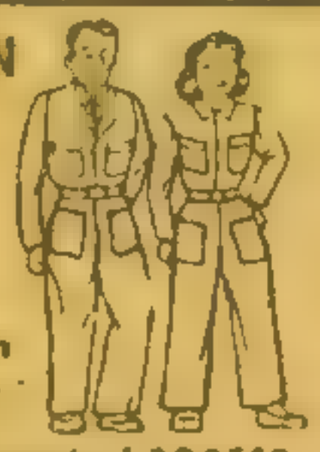

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KID BALDO IS ON THE THRESHOLD OF AN IMPORTANT EVENT. IT HAS BEEN A HARD CLIMB FROM A POVERTY-STRICKEN CHILDHOOD IN A GRIMY MINING TOWN AND HE HAS STRUGGLED EVERY STEP OF THE WAY AS A PUNK IN THE PRELIMS UNTIL NOW HE FACES THE MOST IMPORTANT FIGHT IN HIS BOXING CAREER. BIG MONEY WILL FINALLY BE HIS, BUT LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT THIS FIGHT WILL ALWAYS BE KNOWN IN BOXING CIRCLES AS ...

The CORPSE IN THE RING

SOUK!

ON THE AFTERNOON BEFORE THE BIG FIGHT, **THE KID** IS RESTING IN HIS HOTEL ROOM WHEN A KNOCK AT HIS DOOR ANNOUNCES A VISITOR ...

KNOCK!

WHEN THE PRIZE FIGHTER OPENS THE DOOR, HIS JAW DROPS AS HE SEES A FAMILIAR FIGURE FROM HIS HOME TOWN FAR AWAY... A DUSTY COAL MINER LEANING ON HIS SHOVEL, HIS FACE ETCHED WITH PAIN ...

WHA-?

HEY - I KNOW YOU - OLD JOE ZAVINSKI, FROM HILLSBORO.

YES, KID, I'M JOE.

B-BUT YOU'RE DEAD! YOU WERE KILLED IN A MINE CAVE-IN MONTHS AGO!

THAT'S RIGHT, KID. THAT'S THE REASON I CAME TO SEE YOU.

BACK IN OUR TOWN, KID, WHERE YOU WERE BORN AND RAISED, ALL THE FOLKS ARE PROUD OF YOUR SUCCESS AND ABILITY IN THE BOXING RING. THEY'RE ALL ROOTING FOR YOU TO WIN THE FIGHT TONIGHT.

Y-YES?

THE WIDOWS OF MY BUDDIES KILLED IN THE MINE WITH ME ARE BETTING ALL THEY HAVE ON YOU. THEY HAVE FAITH IN YOU.

YES - SURE, I--

THOSE TRUSTING PEOPLE FEEL CERTAIN YOU WILL WIN--BUT I KNOW YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN PAID ***TO THROW THE FIGHT!***

YOU KNOW? YOU--

THEN THE SPECTRE OF THE MINER FADES...

DON'T LET THEM DOWN, KID! - DON'T LET THEM DOWN--

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN, PACKY HIGGINS AND HIS MOB OF GANGSTERS ARE ALREADY ELATED OVER THEIR CROOKED FIX OF THE FIGHT...

BOY! WHAT A TAKE, PACKY. EIGHTY GRAND FROM THE BOOBS!

YEAH. THE KID IS ALL FIXED TO KISS THE CANVAS.

THEN THE KID HIMSELF WALKS IN...

PACKY - I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

HEY, WATTA YOU DOIN' HERE? YOU OUGHTA BE IN YOUR ROOM, RESTIN'.

THE KID RELATES THE STORY OF HIS SPECTRAL VISITOR TO THE CYNICAL CROOKS...

--AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED. I REALLY SAW HIM. I CAN'T THROW THE FIGHT!

THIS GUY'S OFF HIS ROCKER!

HE'S NUTS!

LISSEN, KID. WE MADE A DEAL. YOU'RE BEING PAID PLENTY TO LOSE. AN' YOU'RE GONNA LOSE!

KEEP YOUR DOUGH. I WON'T LET MY HOME FOLKS DOWN. I'M GOING TO **WIN!**

IF WE CAN'T WIN OUR BETS, WE'LL BUMP HIM TO KEEP FROM LOSING OUR MONEY. GIVE HIM THE WORKS, MONK.

COME ON, KID. WE'LL DRIVE YOU BACK TO YOUR HOTEL.

THE TRUSTING YOUNG MAN GETS INTO THE CAR AND FINDS HIMSELF COVERED BY GUNS...

HEY— WHAT'S THIS? YOU--!!

SHADDUP, YA PUNK! WE'LL FIX YA, BUT GOOD!

AT A LONELY SPOT OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

GET OUT!

YOU'RE GOING TO-- NO! NO!

THE GANGSTERS SHOVE HIM FROM THE CAR, AND...

AR-RGGH!

THAT DOES IT. THE PUNK IS DEAD.

YEAH, LET'S GET BACK. PACKY'LL BE WAITIN'.

LEAVING THE KID IN A DITCH, THE CAR ROARS OFF...

AFTER A WHILE, THE KID SLOWLY, AGONIZINGLY GETS UP...

WITH LEADEN FEET, HE DRAGS HIMSELF BACK TO TOWN...

THAT NIGHT, THE ARENA IS PACKED WITH FIGHT FANS, UNAWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE YOUNG BOXER. THE CROOKED GAMBLERS ARE AT THE RINGSIDE...

THE REFEREE WILL CALL OFF THE BOUT WHEN THE KID DOESN'T SHOW UP.

THE KID'S OPPONENT CLIMBS INTO THE RING AND IS INTRODUCED TO THE CROWD...

THE DEFENDER AND PRESENT CHAMP — SOLLY KAYE!

THEN THE FACES OF THE CROOKED GAMBLERS FILL WITH ASTONISHMENT, CHAGRIN AND FURY...

HEY — LOOK!

FOR, A MOMENT LATER, THE KID MAKES HIS APPEARANCE...

THE KID! HE'S HERE!

AFTER LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE REFEREE, THE FIGHTERS SQUARE OFF..

COME OUT FIGHTING, BOYS, AND KEEP IT CLEAN --

THE KID TEARS INTO HIS ADVERSARY AND THEY BATTER EACH OTHER WITH A FLURRY OF BLOWS...

SOCK BAM

NEAR THE END OF THE FIRST ROUND, THE KID CONNECTS WITH HIS OPPONENT'S JAW FOR A KNOCKOUT...

SOCK!

THE GANGSTERS MOVE TO AVENGE THEIR LOSS...

OUR DOUGH'S GONE DOWN THE DRAIN!

THAT PUNK!

COME ON - WE'LL FINISH THE JOB THIS TIME -!

THE REFEREE HOLDS UP THE VICTOR'S HAND ...

THE WINNAH— KID BALDO!

BUT AN INSTANT LATER, THE KID PITCHES FORWARD TO THE CANVAS...

THE DOCTOR IS HASTILY CALLED...

HEY, C'MERE, DOC. C'MERE QUICK!

THIS MAN HAS BEEN SHOT!

THE FACE OF THE DOCTOR ASSUMES A LOOK OF AMAZEMENT AND UNBELIEF...

HE'S ICE COLD!

HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR AT LEAST FOUR HOURS!

THE END

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TROJAN MAGAZINES, INC.
STANLEY M. ESTROW, Vice President

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1953. ABRAHAM L. KANTER, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 30, 1955).

MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW, EASY WAY!

STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices . . . Rubber Sheets . . . Alarms . . .

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience Almost Miraculously!

WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation . . . the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms . . . the expense of ruined furniture . . . the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices . . . without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING . . . relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to retrain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet . . . DRY-TABS . . product of medical research . . offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases

CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.

CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.

CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement. Upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

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